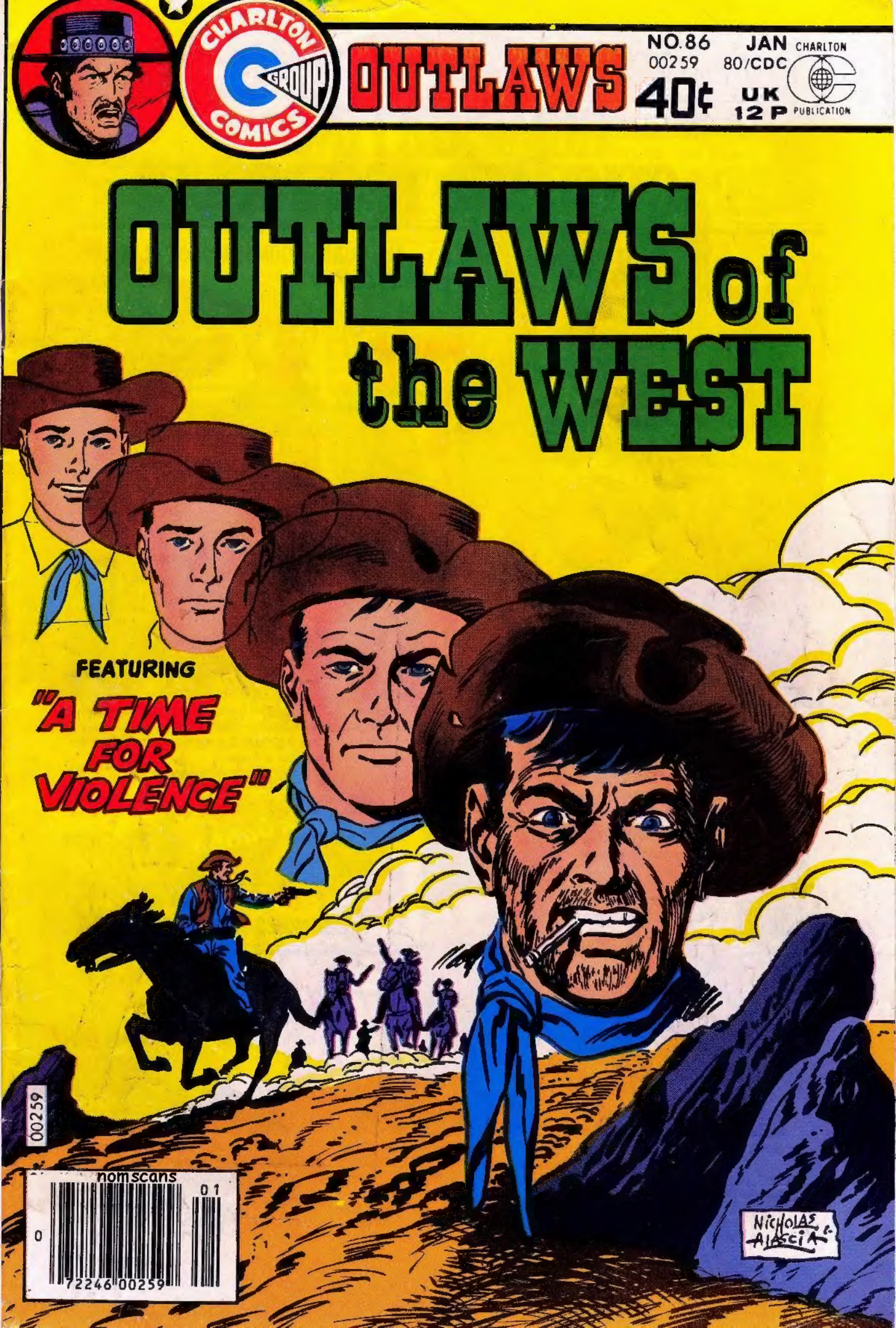
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ME, I'M POP MORSE! BEEN KICKIN' AROUND THE WEST COUNTRY SINCE I WAS A YOUNKER! I'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, COME AN' GO... GUNSLINGERS WITH AN' WITHOUT BADGES! BEEN IN THIS TOWN OF LARIAT, SINCE IT SPRUNG UP! KNOW ALL THE FOLKS... NICE FOLKS, NICE QUIET TOWN... UNTIL CON ULRICH AN' ERNIE COOMBS MOVED IN! THEN THE TOWN WAS TAKEN OVER BY THE.....
GUNMEN
WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER GUNFIGHT?
YEP! SECOND ONE TODAY! BUT GIVE 'EM TIME... IT'S ONLY HIGH NOON!
WANT
AS USUAL THE SHOOTIN' WAS OVER IN MINUTES AN' FOLKS MOVED TIMIDLY INTO THE STREET AGAIN!
IT AIN'T SAFE FOR DECENT FOLK IN LARIAT ANYMORE, LONNIE!
WE, THE DECENT PEOPLE MUST RISE UP IN JUST RAGE AND CHASE THE PHILLISTINES ....MEANIN', CON, ERNIE AND THEIR FOLLOWERS!
WE CAN'T DO IT, LONNIE! WE'RE ORDINARY DECENT FOLK WITH FAMILIES! WE CAN'T BUCK GUNFIGHTERS!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO... MOVE OUT OF LARIAT!

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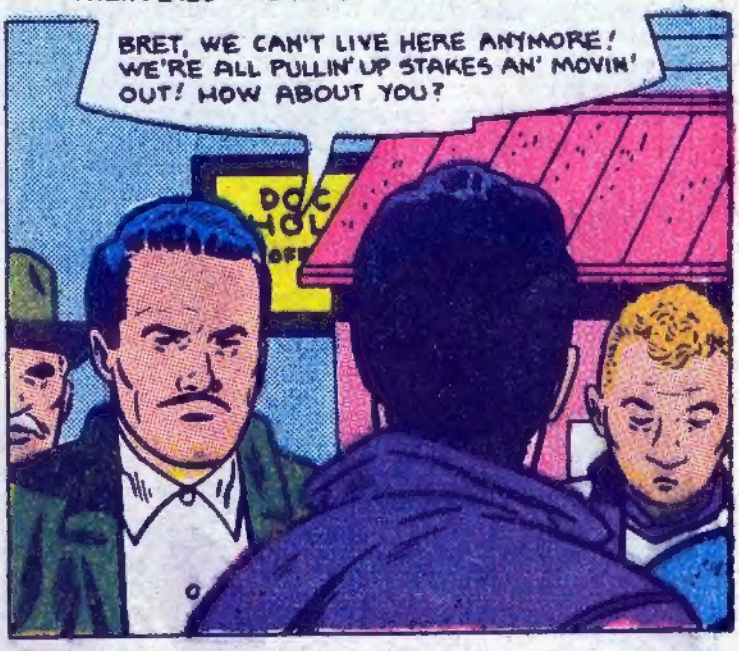
I LISTENED TO THE TALK...THE TOWNSFOLK WERE BEAT!
I'M PACKIN' MY STUFF IN MY WAGON RIGHT NOW AN' GETTIN' OUT!
ME TOO! THIS AIN'T NO PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY!
BUT WE ARE IN THE RIGHT AN' THESE TOUGHS ARE WRONG!
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! WE AIN'T GOT NOBODY TO GO UP AGAINST FAST GUNS! NO LAW, NO NOTHIN'!
I COULDN'T TAKE MUCH MORE, SO I SPOKE UP THEN!
CON AN' ERNIE, THEY AIN'T SO FAST! I SEEN HICKOCK, EARP, KID MONTANA, TEX RITTER AN' THE TUMBLEWEED KID! THEY'RE REAL GUNFIGHTERS!
THOSE MEN CAN'T HELP US! EARP'S MARSHAL OF DODGE, KID MONTANA'S IN MEXICO, AN' TEX RITTER COULD BE ANYPLACE!
AS FOR THE TUMBLEWEED KID, HE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT YEARS AGO AN' AIN'T BEEN HEARD OF SINCE! PROBABLY STOPPED A BUSHWHACK BULLET!
MAYBE! HE WAS THE BEST OF THE LOT! HE WAS FAST ....AWFUL FAST!
HERE COMES BRET BELL! LET'S SEE WHAT HE THINKS!
BRET'S A FINE MAN, BUT NO FIGHTIN' MAN! NEVER PACKS A GUN, AN' ALWAYS AVOIDS TROUBLE!
FOLKS ALL LIKED BRET AN' HIS FAMILY! HE WAS A TALL, SLOW, QUIET MAN WITH A FINE SMILE AN' A TEXAS DRAWL!
HE'S GONNA HAVE TROUBLE RIGHT NOW! ERNIE COOMBS TRIES TO PICK A FIGHT WITH HIM EVERY TIME BRET COMES TO TOWN!

STILL NOT WEARIN' A GUN, EH, BELL? WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE A YELLER COYOTE LIKE YOU FIGHT?
TAKE THE BOY AN' GO INTO THE STORE, MARY! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
SORE

WILL THIS DO IT, BELL? SOMETHIN' ABOUT YOU GETS TO ME, MAKES ME WANT TO SEE YUH FIGHT!
I'M A PEACEFUL MAN, COOMBS! NOTHIN' YOU CAN DO'LL MAKE ME FIGHT!

I WATCHED AND CHUCKLED INSIDE! THE OTHERS STOOD PUZZLED, NOT UNDERSTANDING A MAN WHO COULD TAKE THIS AND NOT FIGHT BACK!

THE MEN WERE EMBARRASSED FOR BRET! THEY AVERTED THEIR EYES WHEN THEY TALKED TO HIM!



BRET ROLLED IT AROUND IN HIS MIND... LOOKIN' AT EVERY SIDE 'FORE HE GAVE HIS ANSWER!
I CAN'T MOVE OUT! EVERY CENT I'VE GOT HAS GONE INTO MY RANCH! I CAN'T START OVER AGAIN!!

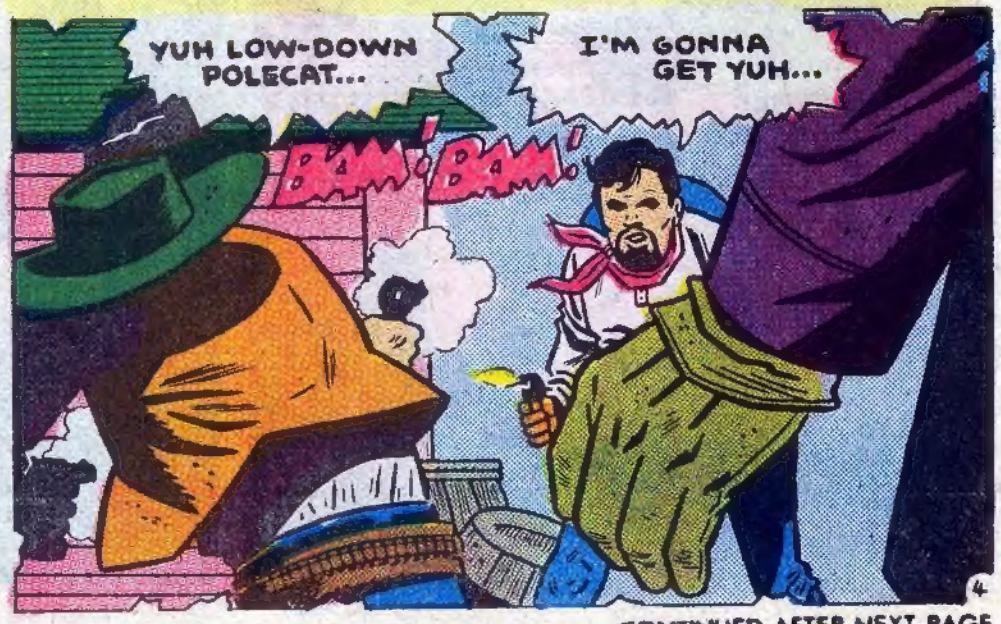
THINK OF YOUR WIFE AN' KID! THE STREET'S AIN'T SAFE! WE ALL FEEL LIKE YOU DO, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!
I STILL SAY WE SHOULD FIGHT IT OUT! DETERMINED MEN CAN ALWAYS WIN!

WE CAN'T HOPE TO WIN AGAINST GUNHAWKS LIKE THESE! WE'D JUST DIE AN' THAT'D HELP NOBODY!
JESS IS RIGHT! ONLY A MAN WHO CAN TALK GUN-TALK CAN GO UP AGAINST CON AN' ERNIE!

IF I WAS A MITE YOUNGER I'D TAKE A CHANCE AGAINST THEM GUN-SLINGERS... FOR THE SAKE OF THE TOWN! A MAN'S GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE ONCE IN A WHILE FOR THE THINGS HE VALUES!

BRET DIDN'T ANSWER! HIS BROW CREASED IN THOUGHT! HE WALKED AWAY! AN' I KNEW WHAT HE WAS THINKIN', WHAT WAS GOIN' ON INSIDE HIM, 'CAUSE I KNEW HIM!

HE WANDERED AROUND, WRESTLING WITH HISSELF, LIKE IT SAYS IN THE BIBLE, AN TIME PASSED! THEN, IT HAPPENED, LIKE IT DID SO OFTEN LATELY.... HASTY WORDS, THE QUICK SURGE OF VIOLENCE, AN' BULLETS!



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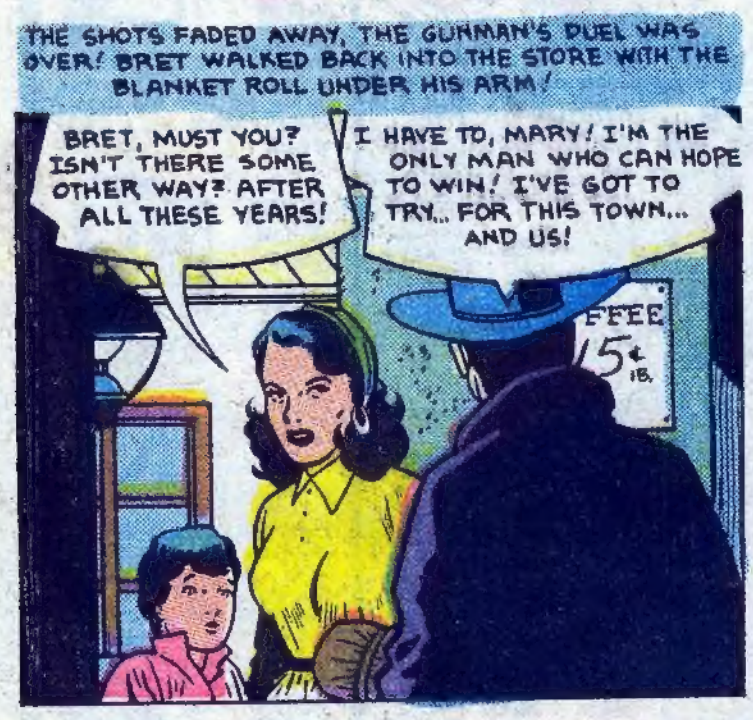
GET BACK MARY... GET THE KID BACK WHERE IT'S SAFE!
CRACK!

IS ANY PLACE SAFE SINCE THOSE AWFUL MEN CAME?
NO, I RECKON NOT! THIS HAS HELPED ME MAKE A DECISION, MARY! I'LL GET THE BLANKET ROLL FROM THE WAGON!


THE SHOTS FADED AWAY, THE GUNMAN'S DUEL WAS OVER! BRET WALKED BACK INTO THE STORE WITH THE BLANKET ROLL UNDER HIS ARM!
BRET, MUST YOU? ISN'T THERE SOME OTHER WAY? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!
I HAVE TO, MARY! I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN HOPE TO WIN! I'VE GOT TO TRY... FOR THIS TOWN... AND US!
FFEE
15¢ LB.

NEVER THOUGHT I'D WEAR 'EM AGAIN! NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO! MARY, YOU SEE THAT IT'S GOT TO BE THIS WAY, DON'T YOU?
YES, BRET! GOOD LUCK.... DARLING!
MIZ

THE WAGONS HAD GATHERED AND WERE SET TO ROLL! SUDDENLY ALL SOUND STOPPED AS BRET WALKED OUT!
LOOK! BRET... WEARIN' GUNS! WHAT'S HE UP TO?
HE... HE'LL BE KILLED SURE! HE'S NO FIGHTIN' MAN!
SON

CON ULRICH! ERNIE COOMBS! I'M GIVIN' YOU FIVE MINUTES TO GET OUT OF LARIAT AN' TAKE YOUR ROTTEN CREW WITH YOU!

FROM WHERE I STOOD I COULD SEE THE WILD EAGER GLEAM IN ERNIE'S EYES... AND THE WAY CON'S TONGUE MOISTENED HIS LIPS IN ANTICIPATION!
I'VE WAITED FOR THIS... TO SEE YOU WITH A GUN! THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!
YEAH, GO AHEAD, DRAW, FARMER, IF YUH AIN'T YELLER!
AFTER YOU, GUNHAWKS... LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU REALLY ARE!
HANDS FLASHED TO GUNS! BRET MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING, LIKE DOIN' SOMETHIN' HE'D REHEARSED A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE!
BAM!
CRACK!
BRET WALKED TOWARD THEM AND SAID SOMETHING LOW SO NO ONE ELSE COULD HEAR! THEIR FACES TURNED WHITE AND THEY RUSHED FOR THEIR HOSSES! THEY'D NEVER COME BACK! I KNEW WHAT HE HAD SAID THAT SCARED THEM SO!
IT'S A MIRACLE! UNPACK THE WAGONS! OUR HOMES ARE SAVED... BY A MAN WHO AIN'T A FIGHTIN' MAN!
THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE VICTORIOUS! WE'VE WON!
BRET HAD TOLD CON AND ERNIE HIS NAME, THAT'S ALL... BUT IT WAS ENOUGH! FOR THE NAME HE'D WHISPERED WAS... THE TUMBLEWEED KID! YES, I'D KNOWN IT ALL THESE YEARS!
YUH DID A BIG THING, KID!
DON'T CALL ME THAT, POP! EVEN THOUGH I HAD TO RESURRECT HIM TODAY, THE KID DIED YEARS AGO... WHEN BRET BELL... PEACELOVIN' RANCHER WAS BORN!
END

CHEYENNE KID

THE CALF HAD A SMUDGED BRAND...AND THE CHEYENNE KID KNEW IT WAS AN AMATEURISH RUSTLER'S RUNNING IRON THAT HAD BLOTTED THE ORIGINAL OWNER'S MARK! IF HE COULD CATCH THE CALF, HE'D LEARN WHO WAS BEHIND THE CATTLE LOSSES IN ADOLPH MORSE'S VALLEY! BUT IT WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY...HE FOUND THAT OUT THE HARD WAY!

Rustlers' Bait

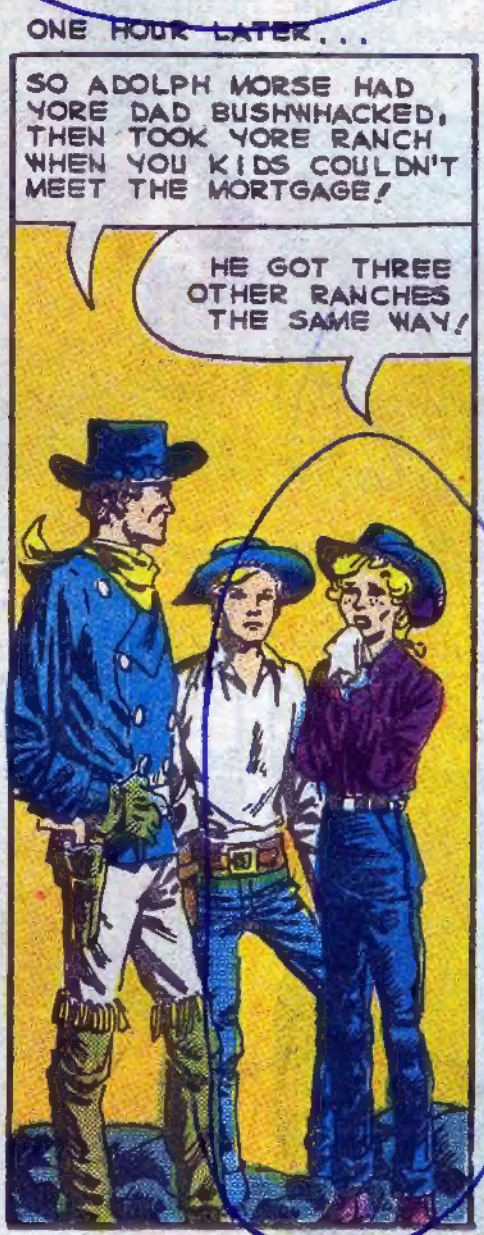
I GOT THE COYOTE!
GIT UP SLOW AN' EASY, MISTER!
WAS THAT YORE RIATA THAT DRAGGED ME OUTA THE SADDLE?
WATCH OUT, SIS! ADOLPH MORSE'S HANDS ARE A TRICKY BUNCH!

I'M NOT ON MORSE'S PAY ROLL/ THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION ASKED ME TUH TAKE A RIDE OVER THIS WAY/ WHAT HAVE YOU KIDS GOT AGAINST MORSE?

DON'T LIE, MISTER/ YOU WORK FOR THAT LAND-GRABBIN' LEECH/ I OUGHTA LET YUH HAVE BOTH BARRELS FOR WHAT HE DID TO OUR DAD/
HOLD IT, SIS/ HE MIGHT BE TELLIN' THE TRUTH/

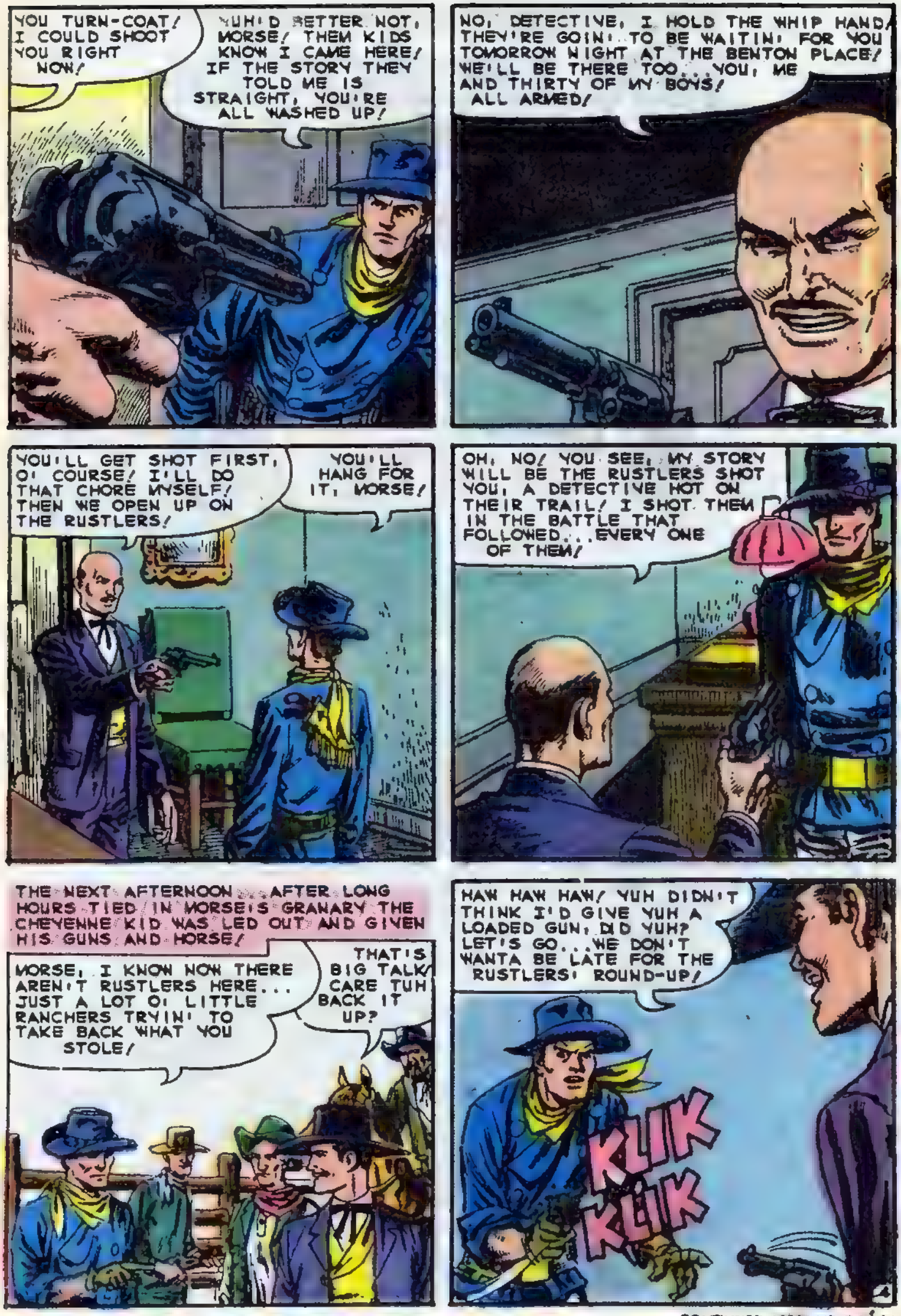
I'VE GOT A LETTER FROM THE ASSOCIATION RIGHT HERE, SIS/ S'POSE YUH READ IT FIRST BEFORE YUH PULL THEM TRIGGERS ON ME?

THE GIRL, HER HAND SHAKING, READ THE LETTER...THEN, SUDDENLY, LET THE GUN FALL AND BROKE INTO SOBS/
WHAT'S SHE CRYIN' ABOUT, SON?
SHE THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE TUH SHOOT YUH/ ESTHER HATES GUNS AN' VIOLENCE/ LISTEN, I'LL TELL YUH WHAT HAPPENED...


ONE HOUR LATER...
SO ADOLPH MORSE HAD YORE DAD BUSHWHACKED, THEN TOOK YORE RANCH WHEN YOU KIDS COULDN'T MEET THE MORTGAGE/
HE GOT THREE OTHER RANCHES THE SAME WAY/

PETE AN' ME DIDN'T HAVE ANYONE TO SIDE WITH US/ SO WE DECIDED TUH STEAL BACK WHAT MORSE TOOK FROM US/ ADOLPH MORSE LOSES A LOT OF CATTLE TO FOLKS WHO OWNED THE BEEF IN THE FIRST PLACE/
I'M BEGINNIN' TO GET THE PICTURE/
2

THE CHEYENNE KID HAD BEEN SENT TO STOP THE RUSTLING...SO HE ASKED TWO OF THE RUSTLERS TO DO HIM A FAVOR THAT NIGHT!
RIDE AROUND... TELL THE OTHERS WHO ARE TAKING MORSE BEEF THAT I WANT TO TALK TO THEM! IF MORSE IS A THIEF, WE'LL TAKE HIM INTO COURT!
WE COULD MEET AT YORE OLD HOMESTEAD...NO ONE'S LIVING THERE NOW I HEAR! ASK 'EM ALL TO SHOW UP TOMORROW AT SUNDOWN!
THE UNSEEN EAVESDROPPER FADED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT...LEAVING THE CHEYENNE KID TO GIVE ONE LAST INSTRUCTION!
TELL 'EM TO BRING WHATEVER PAPERS THEY HAVE SHOWIN' THAT THEY OWN THE LAND MORSE TOOK OVER! BILLS O' SALE FOR BEEF HERDS WILL COME IN HANDY TOO! TELL 'EM TO TRUST ME, HUH, KIDS?
I'M GONNA PAY A VISIT TO THIS ADOLPH MORSE GENT! I RECKON I'LL INJUN UP ON HIM TO SEE IF I CAN LEARN SOMETHIN' BEFORE I INTRODUCE MYSELF!
LATER...
...SO THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION DETECTIVE IS ON THEIR SIDE! I'LL HANDLE HIM, WILLIE! YOU GO TELL THE OTHERS MY ORDERS NOW, HUH!
COME ON INSIDE, MISTER DETECTIVE! I SPOTTED YUH OUT THERE! COME ON...IF YUH GO FOR A GUN, I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER!
3


YOU TURN-COAT! I COULD SHOOT YOU RIGHT NOW!
YUH'D BETTER NOT, MORSE! THEM KIDS KNOW I CAME HERE! IF THE STORY THEY TOLD ME IS STRAIGHT, YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP!
NO, DETECTIVE, I HOLD THE WHIP HAND! THEY'RE GOIN' TO BE WAITIN' FOR YOU TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE BENTON PLACE! WE'LL BE THERE TOO...YOU, ME AND THIRTY OF MY BOYS! ALL ARMED!
YOU'LL GET SHOT FIRST, O' COURSE! I'LL DO THAT CHORE MYSELF! THEN WE OPEN UP ON THE RUSTLERS!
YOU'LL HANG FOR IT, MORSE!
OH, NO! YOU SEE, MY STORY WILL BE THE RUSTLERS SHOT YOU, A DETECTIVE HOT ON THEIR TRAIL! I SHOT THEM IN THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED...EVERY ONE OF THEM!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON...AFTER LONG HOURS TIED IN MORSE'S GRANARY THE CHEYENNE KID WAS LED OUT AND GIVEN HIS GUNS AND HORSE!
MORSE, I KNOW NOW THERE AREN'T RUSTLERS HERE... JUST A LOT O' LITTLE RANCHERS TRYIN' TO TAKE BACK WHAT YOU STOLE!
THAT'S BIG TALK! CARE TUH BACK IT UP?
HAW HAW HAW! YUH DIDN'T THINK I'D GIVE YUH A LOADED GUN, DID YUH? LET'S GO...WE DON'T WANTA BE LATE FOR THE RUSTLERS' ROUND-UP!
KLIK KLIK
4

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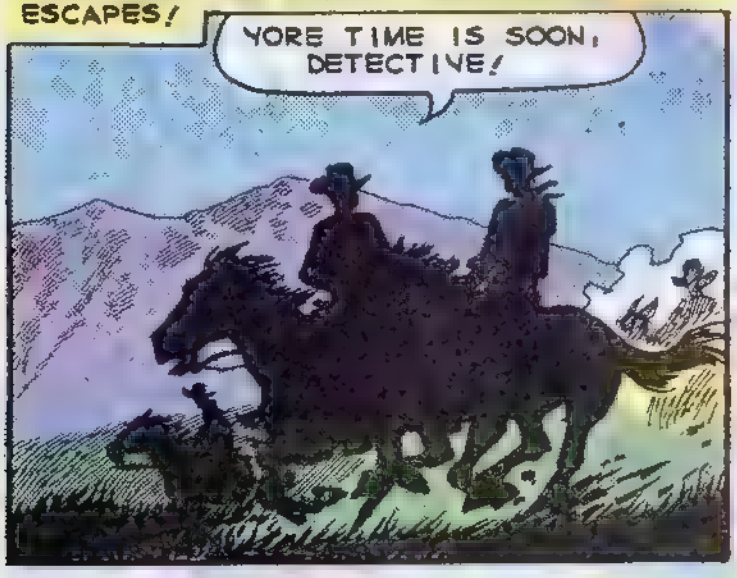
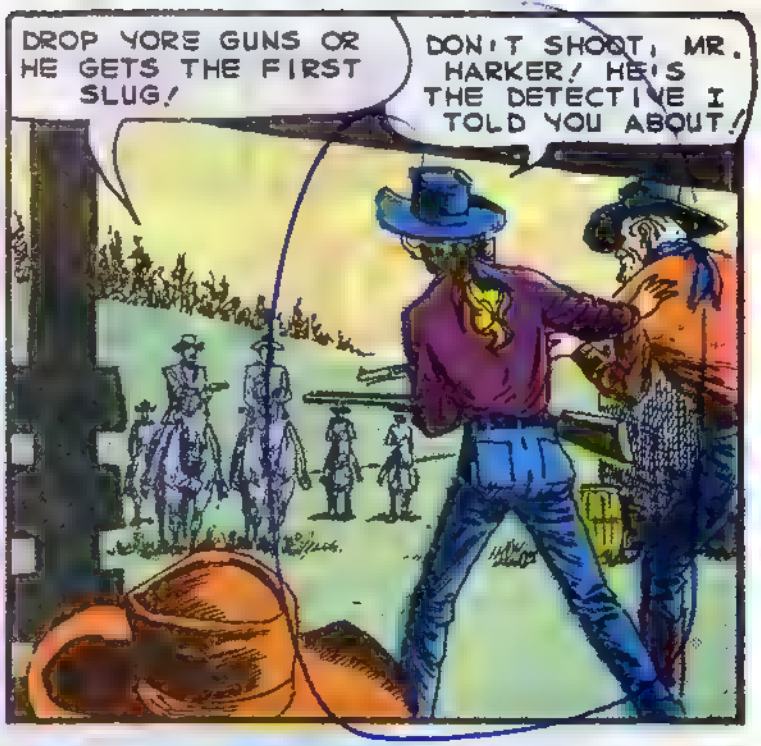
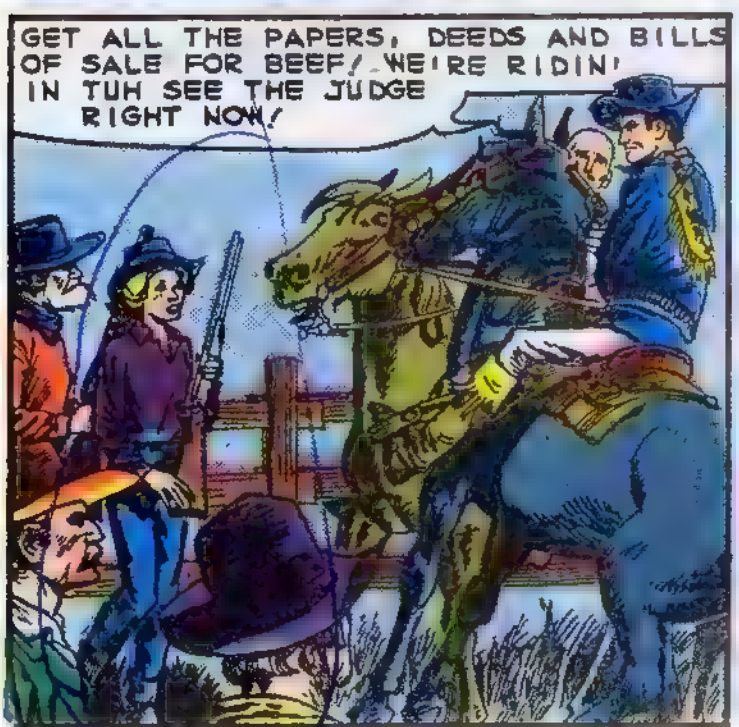
MORSE LED HIS HORDE OF GUNSLINGERS ACROSS THE VALLEY TOWARD THE BENTON RANCH! HE SPLIT THEM UP AS THEY NEARED IT...SENDING FLANKERS OUT TO SURROUND THE PLACE AND PREVENT ANY ESCAPES!





MORSE'S MEN WERE IN POSITION WHEN THE CHEYENNE KID MADE HIS MOVE... RIGHT AT MORSE HIMSELF!



LATER, AFTER MORSE WAS IN JAIL... AND HIS CREW ON THE RUN!

YUH GAVE ME AN EMPTY GUN, MORSE...BUT I HAD ONE SLUG HIDDEN IN MY BOOT! IF YUH PUT UP A FIGHT, AFTER I USED IT, I'D GO DOWN! I COUNTED ON ONE THING-YORE KIND IS ALWAYS YELLA!
END

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles in MARSHAL of HAYS CITY

THE HISTORY BOOKS CALL WILD BILL HICKOK -- CHRISTENED JAMES BUTLER HICKOK, THE GREATEST GUNFIGHTER IN THE WEST! A CIVIL WAR SHARPSHOOTER, HE TRAVELED WEST AFTER PEACE ARRIVED AND BECAME FAMOUS AS A FIGHTING MARSHAL! THE FIRST PLACE WHERE HE WORE THE BADGE WAS HAYS CITY, HANG-OUT FOR OUTLAWS...

YOUNG WILD BILL HICKOK WAS ONLY TWENTY FOUR WHEN HE ARRIVED BACK IN HAYS CITY IN 1869! HE WAS UNKNOWN BUT MADE A REPUTATION FAST...

I'LL DECIDE WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BUSTER! NOW QUIET DOWN OR MAKE YOUR PLAY!
CHESTY CHARACTER, PETE! LET'S KNOCK SOME SENSE INTUH HIM!
BOOOC

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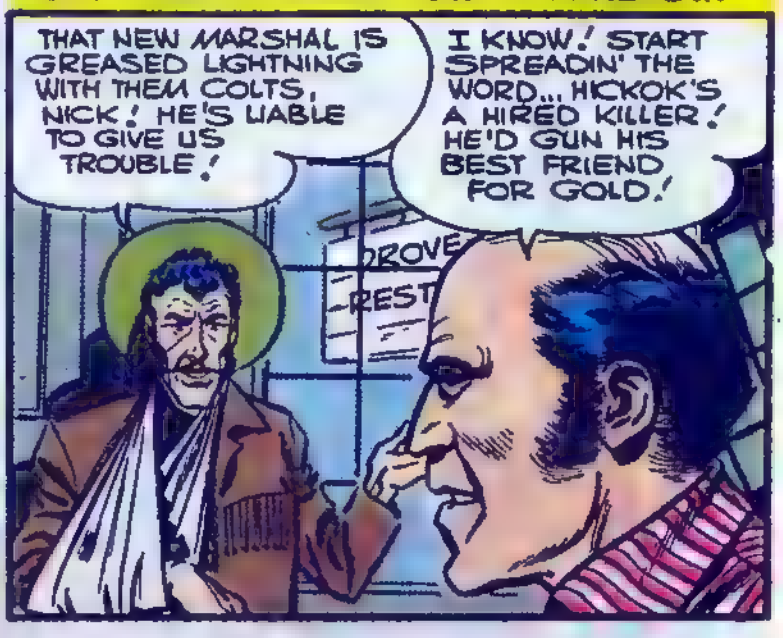
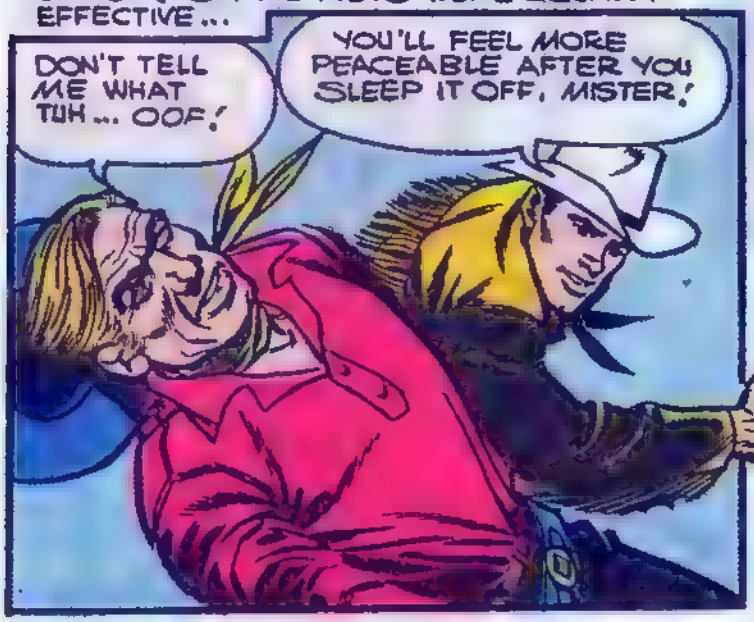
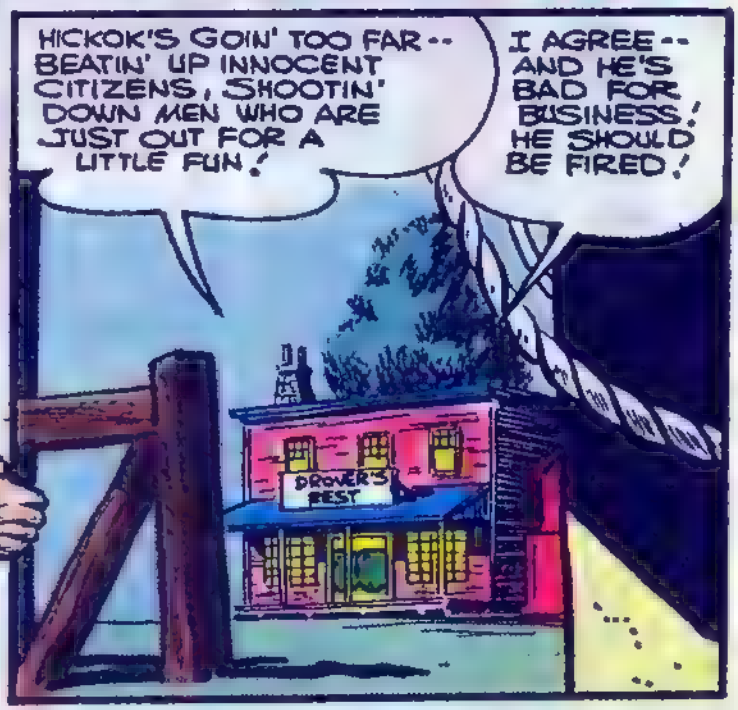
TAKE 'IM, PETE!
WATCH IT, STRANGER!
I WILL, MISTER!
FOR A COUPLE HAIRPINS WHO CALL THEMSELVES WISEGUYS, YOU GO DOWN EASY!
PETE GARY AND BULL OLIVER HAD BEEN WELL-KNOWN BRAWLERS! OTHER NOTORIOUS GUNMEN BEGAN LOOKING FOR HICKOK...
JUST WHAT I WARNED YOU ABOUT, HICKOK! STRAWHORN'S KILLED A DOZEN MEN -- HE BRAGGED HE WAS GOING TO MAKE YOU NEXT!
NO KIDDIN'? WHERE'S THE TOWN MARSHAL?
THERE IS NO MARSHAL, BILL! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
I SAID I'D MAKE YOU BACK DOWN, HICKOK! SAY UNCLE OR MAKE YOUR PLAY!
ALTHOUGH WILD BILL HICKOK HAD BEEN IN GUN DUELS BEFORE, THE STRAWHORN FIGHT HAD BEEN HIS FIRST BATTLE IN HAYS CITY...

THE NEWS SPREAD... AND IN A FEW DAYS, WILD BILL HICKOK WAS ELECTED MARSHAL OF HAYS CITY -- THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN KANSAS...

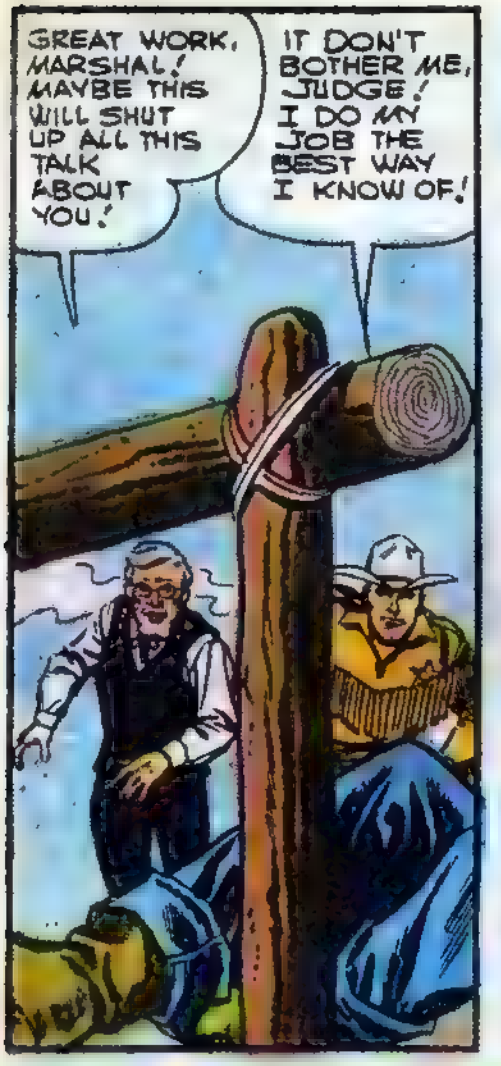

THAT NEW MARSHAL IS GREASED LIGHTNING WITH THEM COLTS, NICK! HE'S UABLE TO GIVE US TROUBLE!
I KNOW! START SPREADIN' THE WORD... HICKOK'S A HIRED KILLER! HE'D GUN HIS BEST FRIEND FOR GOLD!

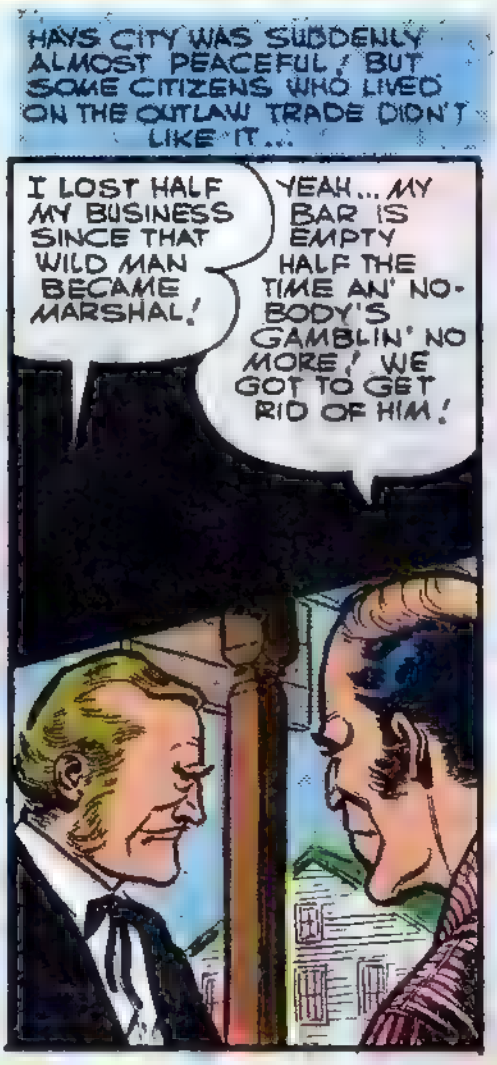
WILD BILL'S INFLUENCE WAS FELT AT ONCE! HE ONLY USED HIS GUNS WHEN HE HAD NO CHOICE! BUT HIS FISTS WERE EQUALLY EFFECTIVE...

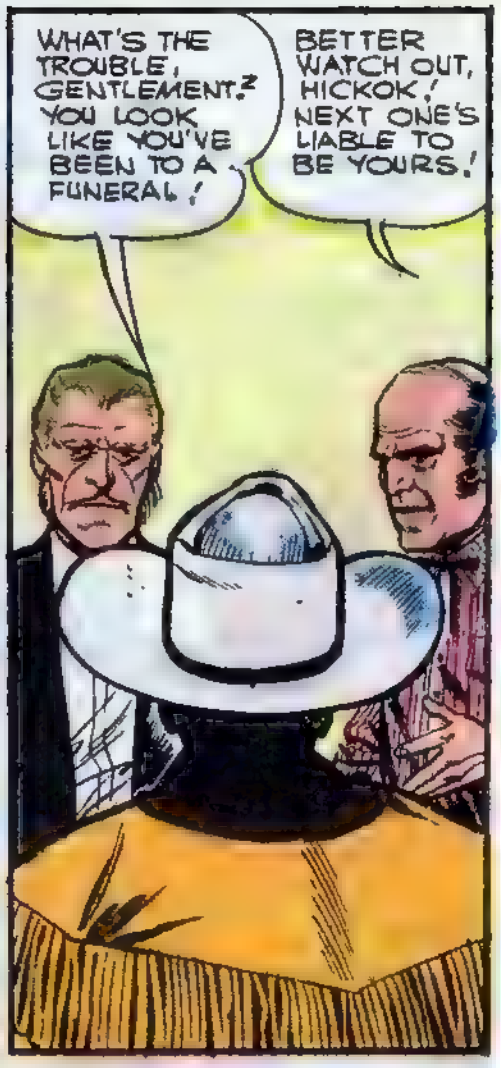



HICKOK'S GOIN' TOO FAR -- BEATIN' UP INNOCENT CITIZENS, SHOOTIN' DOWN MEN WHO ARE JUST OUT FOR A LITTLE FUN!
I AGREE -- AND HE'S BAD FOR BUSINESS! HE SHOULD BE FIRED!
DROVER'S REST

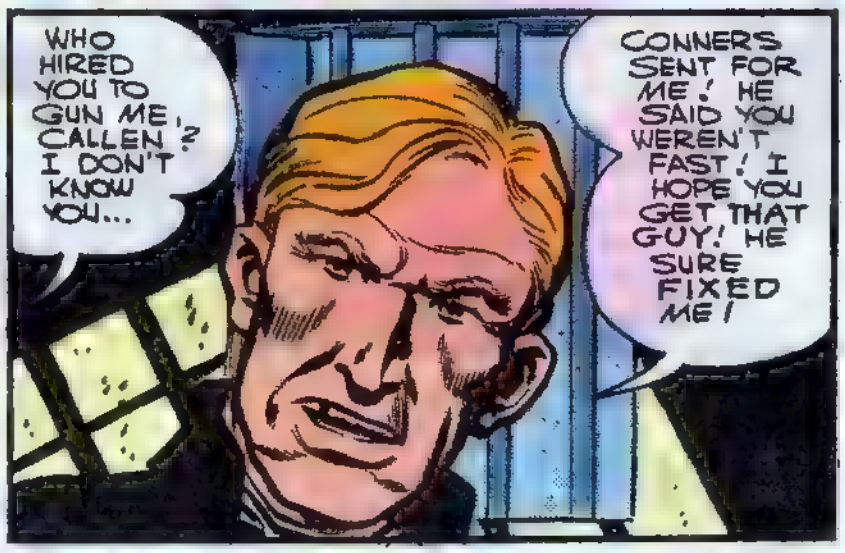
THEN, EARLY IN OCTOBER, WHEN HE'D BEEN IN OFFICE FOR ONE MONTH, THREE STRANGERS RODE INTO TOWN! THEIR OBJECTIVE: THE BANK...



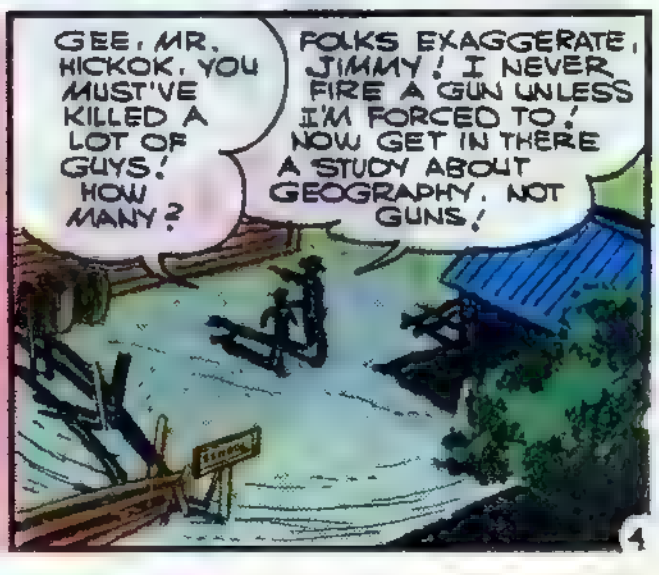

HAYS CITY WAS SUDDENLY ALMOST PEACEFUL, BUT SOME CITIZENS WHO LIVED ON THE OUTLAW TRADE DIDN'T LIKE IT...
I LOST HALF MY BUSINESS SINCE THAT WILD MAN BECAME MARSHAL!
YEAH... MY BAR IS EMPTY HALF THE TIME AN' NOBODY'S GAMBLIN' NO MORE! WE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!



GUNMEN FROM ABILENE AND DODGE CITY WERE IMPORTED--BUT WILD BILL HICKOK WAS SUPERIOR TO THEM ALL...
YOU'VE CROWDED ME TOO FAR, HICKOK!
I'M GOING TO CROWD YOU RIGHT INTO OUR JAIL, CALLEN!


WHO HIRED YOU TO GUN ME, CALLEN? I DON'T KNOW YOU...
CONNERS SENT FOR ME! HE SAID YOU WEREN'T FAST! I HOPE YOU GET THAT GUY! HE SURE FIXED ME!

BUT MARSHAL HICKOK WAS MORE THAN A GUNSLINGING LAWMAN! THE KIDS IN TOWN KNEW HIM IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT...


GEE, MR. HICKOK, YOU MUST'VE KILLED A LOT OF GUYS! HOW MANY?
FOLKS EXAGGERATE, JIMMY! I NEVER FIRE A GUN UNLESS I'M FORCED TO! NOW GET IN THERE A STUDY ABOUT GEOGRAPHY. NOT GUNS!

IT WAS IN HIS EARLY DAYS AS MARSHAL THAT HE RAN INTO JINGLES! THEY MET WITH A CRASH...

WHOA, BIG BOY! WHAT HAPPENED?

THERE'S FOUR OR FIVE FELLERS IN THERE FIGHTIN'... WITH ME! I'M GOIN' BACK AN' GIVE 'IM ONE MORE CHANCE TUH GIVE UP!

WANT SOME HELP! I'M THE MARSHAL HERE...!

YOU JUST STAY THERE AN' COUNT 'EM, MARSHAL! I'M PLUMB IRRITATED!

STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS! HE'S WRECKIN' THE PLACE!

FOR A CHUBBY FELLA, HE SURE MAKES THE FUR FLY!

SHUCKS, THESE TERDERFEET AIN'T NO FUN! NOT FOR JINGLES, ANYWAY! THAT'S WHAT FOLKS CALL ME!

GET OUT OF THAT DOORWAY, JINGLES CONNERS, THE OWNER, IS GOING TO BE ON THE PROD!

ARREST THAT CLOWN, HICKOK! HE RUINED MY PLACE!

HE DIDN'T WRECK IT, CONNERS! HE WAS DOING HIS DUTY-- YOU SEE, HE'S MY NEW DEPUTY! RIGHT, JINGLES!

WHO... OH, YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!

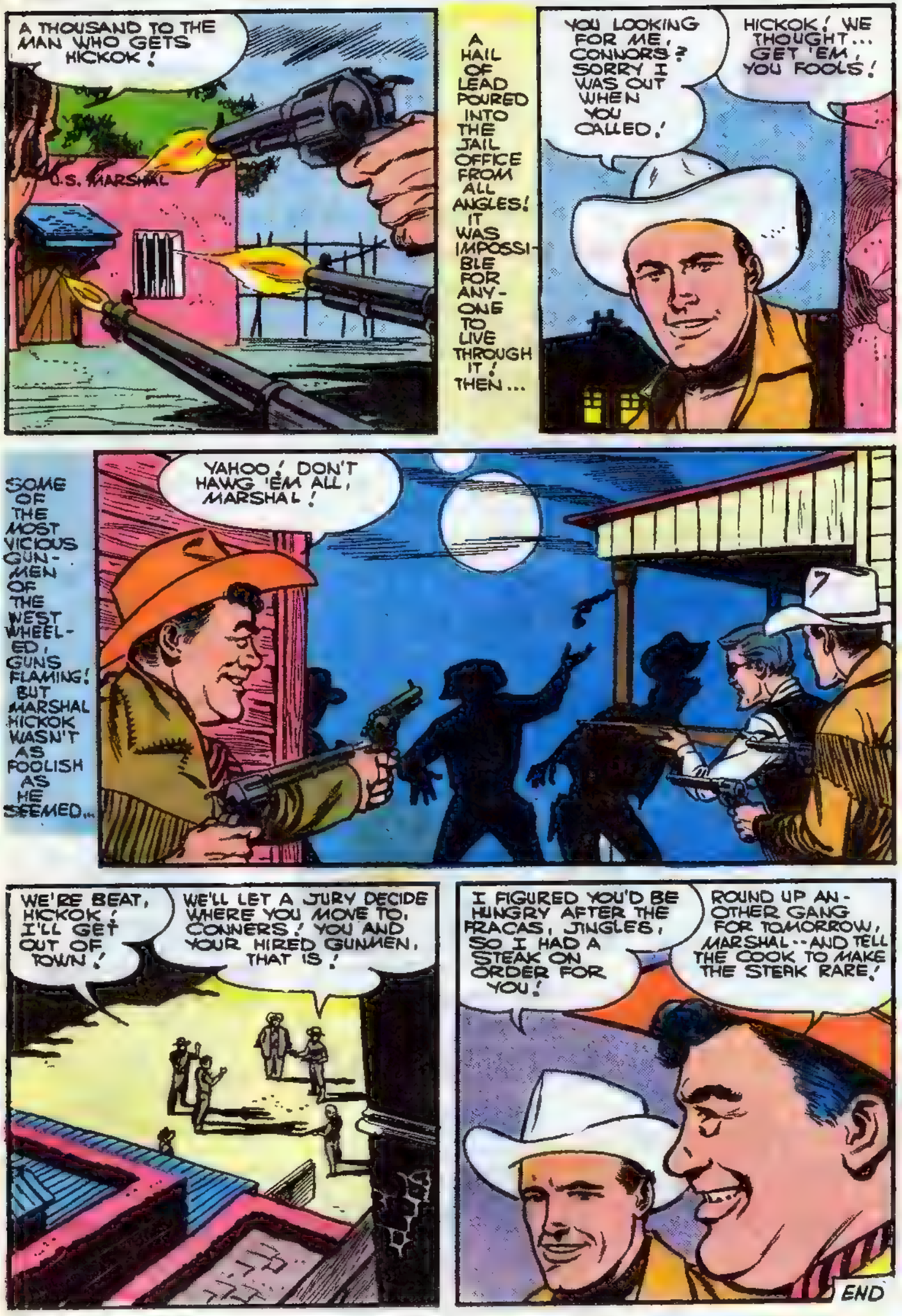
ROVER'S REST

...SO WILD BILL HICKOK ACQUIRED A NEW DEPUTY THE HARD WAY! BUT CONNERS WAS WILLING TO SPEND A FORTUNE TO GET EVEN...

WE'LL START FIRING FROM HERE! JUST TO MAKE SURE, HALF OF YOU BUST IN THE DOOR AND FINISH THEM OFF! YOU'LL ALL BE PAID WELL!

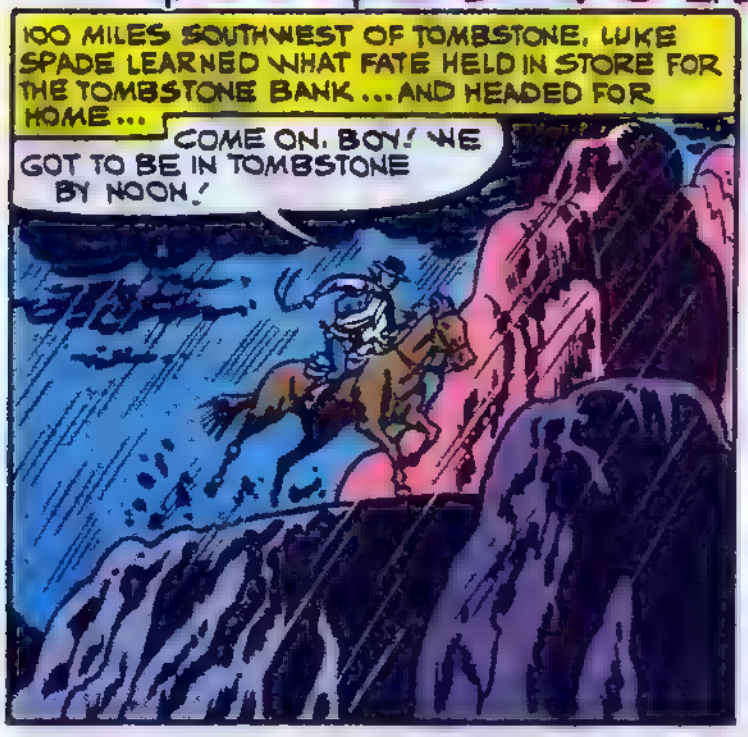
U.S. MARSHAL

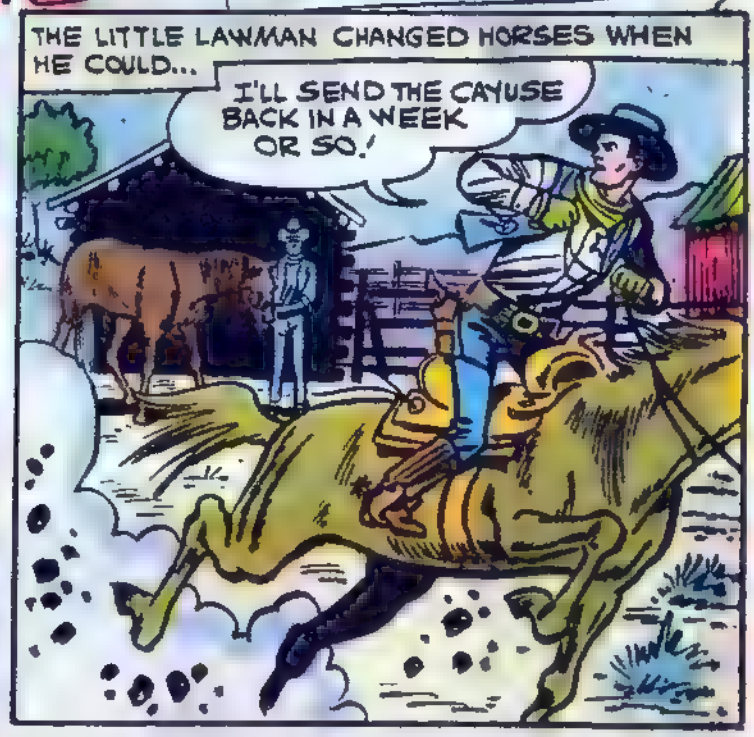
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

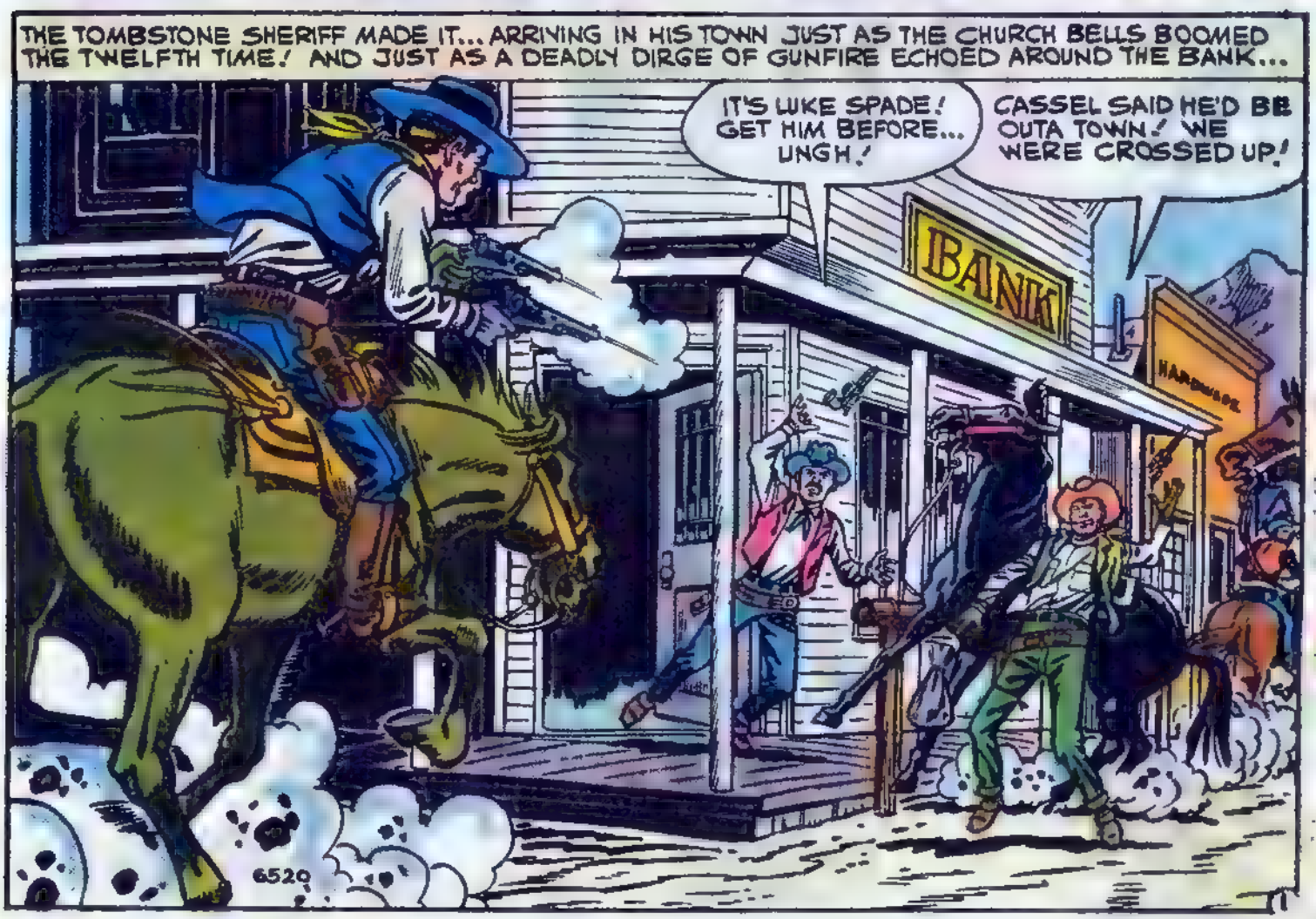

A THOUSAND TO THE MAN WHO GETS HICKOK!
U.S. MARSHAL
A HAIL OF LEAD POURED INTO THE JAIL OFFICE FROM ALL ANGLES! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY-ONE TO LIVE THROUGH IT! THEN...
YOU LOOKING FOR ME, CONNORS? SORRY I WAS OUT WHEN YOU CALLED!
HICKOK! WE THOUGHT... GET 'EM, YOU FOOLS!
SOME OF THE MOST VICIOUS GUN-MEN OF THE WEST WHEEL-ED, GUNS FLAMING! BUT MARSHAL HICKOK WASN'T AS FOOLISH AS HE SEEMED...
YAHOO! DON'T HAWG 'EM ALL, MARSHAL!
WE'RE BEAT, HICKOK! I'LL GET OUT OF TOWN!
WE'LL LET A JURY DECIDE WHERE YOU MOVE TO, CONNERS! YOU AND YOUR HIRED GUNMEN, THAT IS!
I FIGURED YOU'D BE HUNGRY AFTER THE FRACAS, JINGLES, SO I HAD A STEAK ON ORDER FOR YOU!
ROUND UP AN-OTHER GANG FOR TOMORROW, MARSHAL--AND TELL THE COOK TO MAKE THE STEAK RARE!
END

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

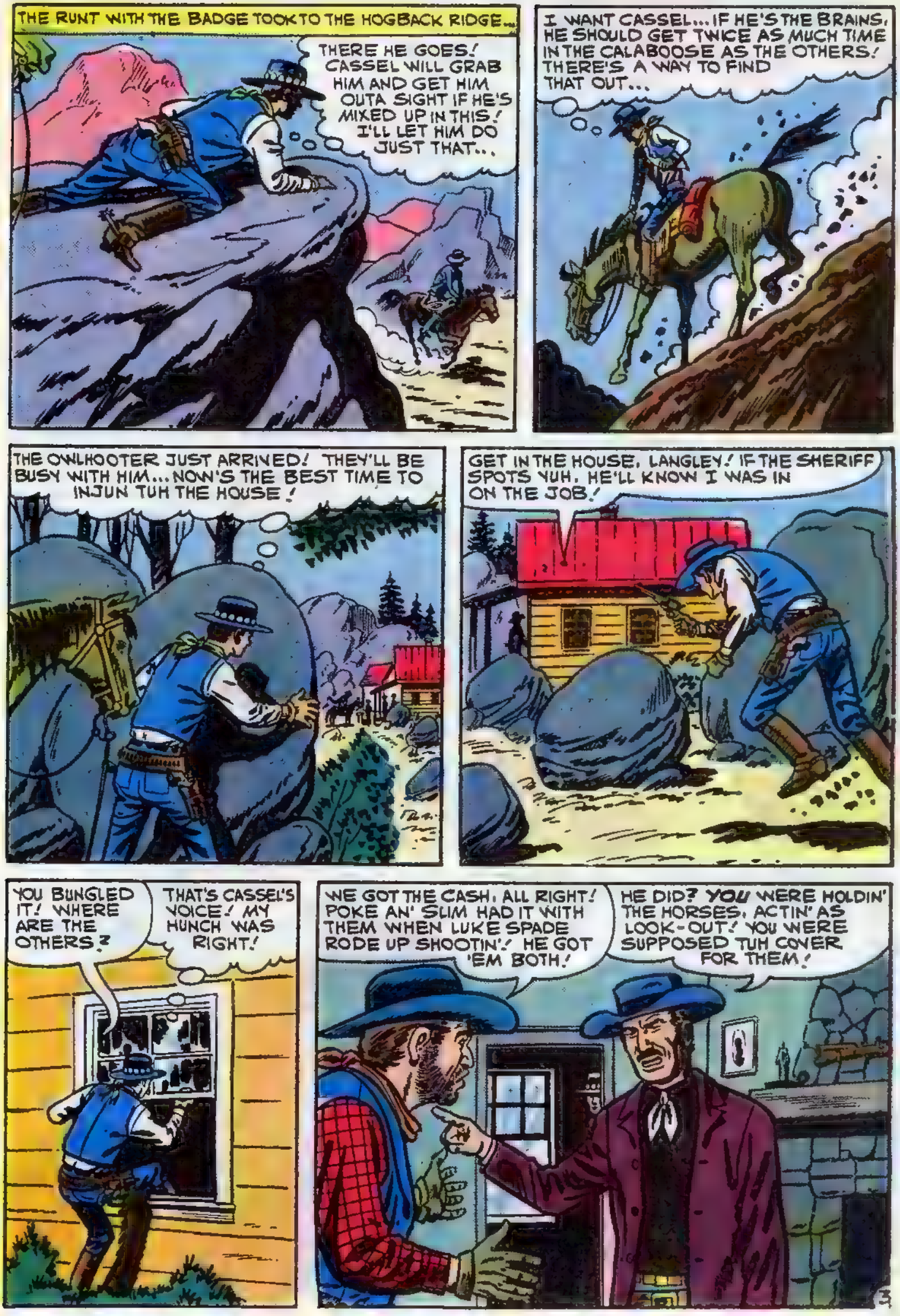
IN A TIME FOR VIOLENCE


100 MILES SOUTHWEST OF TOMBSTONE, LUKE SPADE LEARNED WHAT FATE HELD IN STORE FOR THE TOMBSTONE BANK ... AND HEADED FOR HOME ...
COME ON, BOY! WE GOT TO BE IN TOMBSTONE BY NOON!




THE TOMBSTONE SHERIFF MADE IT... ARRIVING IN HIS TOWN JUST AS THE CHURCH BELLS BOOMED THE TWELFTH TIME! AND JUST AS A DEADLY DIRGE OF GUNFIRE ECHOED AROUND THE BANK...
IT'S LUKE SPADE! GET HIM BEFORE... UNGH!
CASSEL SAID HE'D BE OUTA TOWN! WE WERE CROSSED UP!
BANK
6520

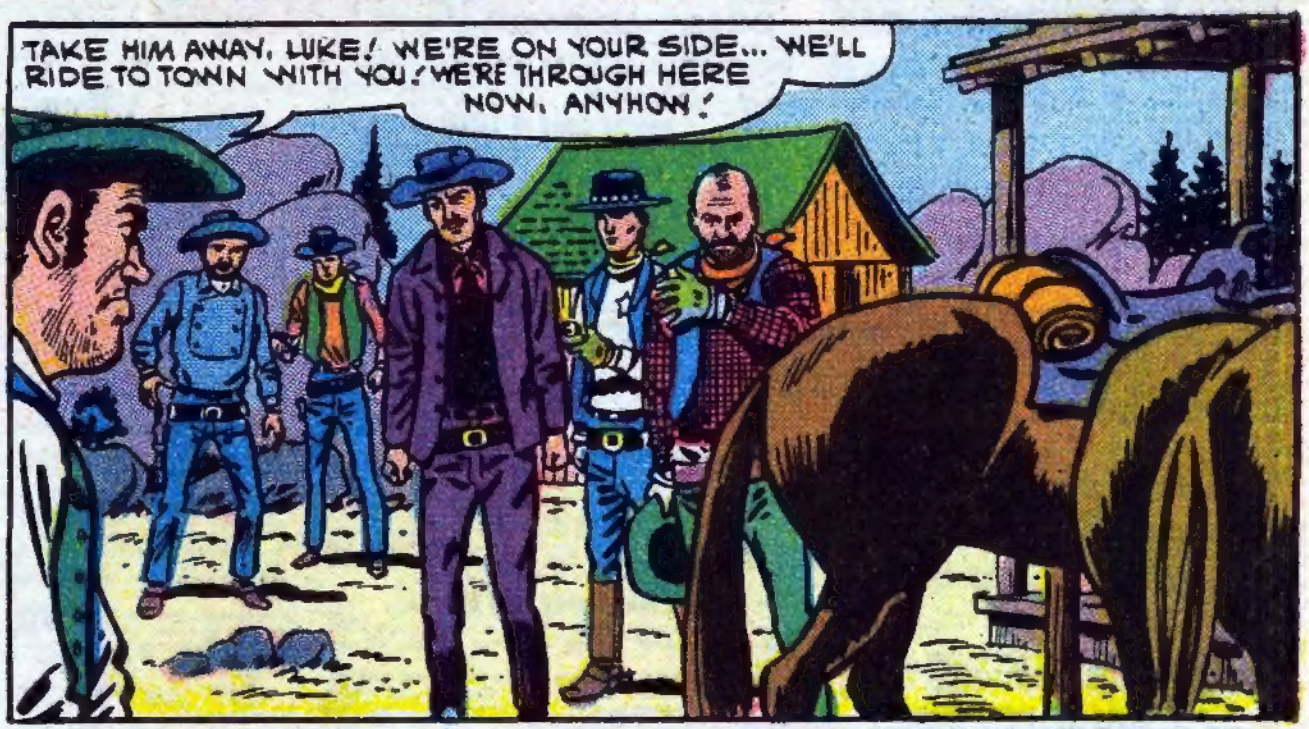
LEAPING FROM HIS RUNNING BRONC, THE SHERIFF COVERED TWO MEN... HE LET THE THIRD MAN GO FOR THE MOMENT...
I'VE GOT THESE TWO COYOTES COVERED! ANYONE HURT INSIDE THE BANK?
WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D GET BACK, SHERIFF! THESE MEN KNEW YOU WERE OUT OF TOWN... THEY LAUGHED ABOUT IT!
I GOT A SUDDEN HUNCH, ASKED SOME QUESTIONS, AND HEADED BACK FAST!
LAFE CASSEL SAID HE SPOTTED RED PINSKY IN THE HILLS...CASSEL KNOWS I'D RIDE TO AUSTRALIA TO GET RED! SO I WENT... NOW, I'M GONNA FIND CASSEL AND ASK *HIM* A FEW QUESTIONS!
WILLING AIDES TOOK THE TWO WOUNDED OUTLAWS OFF HIS HANDS... LUKE TARRIED LONG ENOUGH TO GET FOOD AND A FRESH HORSE...
GOOD LUCK, LUKE!
UH HUH! HE'S HEADIN' FOR CASSEL'S RANCH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I HOPED FOR!
2.


THE RUNT WITH THE BADGE TOOK TO THE HOGBACK RIDGE...
THERE HE GOES! CASSEL WILL GRAB HIM AND GET HIM OUTA SIGHT IF HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS! I'LL LET HIM DO JUST THAT...
I WANT CASSEL... IF HE'S THE BRAINS, HE SHOULD GET TWICE AS MUCH TIME IN THE CALABOOSE AS THE OTHERS! THERE'S A WAY TO FIND THAT OUT...
THE OWLHOOTER JUST ARRIVED! THEY'LL BE BUSY WITH HIM... NOW'S THE BEST TIME TO INJUN TUH THE HOUSE!
GET IN THE HOUSE, LANGLEY! IF THE SHERIFF SPOTS YUH, HE'LL KNOW I WAS IN ON THE JOB!
YOU BUNGLED IT! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
THAT'S CASSEL'S VOICE! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
WE GOT THE CASH, ALL RIGHT! POKE AN' SLIM HAD IT WITH THEM WHEN LUKE SPADE RODE UP SHOOTIN'! HE GOT 'EM BOTH!
HE DID? YOU WERE HOLDIN' THE HORSES, ACTIN' AS LOOK-OUT! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TUH COVER FOR THEM!
3

YOU BOTCHED THE JOB!
WAIT, BOSS! DON'T SHOOT!
I SET UP THAT JOB JUST RIGHT! GOT SPADE OUTA TOMBSTONE, DREW MAPS OF THE BANK LAY-OUT, THEN YOU, TURN YELLA AN' LET ONE MAN BUST UP ALL MY PLANS!
DROP THE GUN! YUH'RE UNDER ARREST!
KLIK!
DO WHAT HE SAYS, BOSS! IT'S THE SHERIFF!
I DIDN'T ROB THE BANK! I BEEN HERE ALL DAY!
LANGLEY'LL TESTIFY AGAINST YUH, CASSEL! 'SPECIALLY WHEN HE LEARNS HOW HE'LL GET A LIGHT SENTENCE IF HE DOES!
LANGLEY WATCHED LUKE SPADE...SAW HIM CONCENTRATING ON CASSEL... SO HE MADE HIS TRY...
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU TWO... LANGLEY... DON'T TRY IT!
BAM!
BLAM!
4

LISTEN, SPADE, LET'S MAKE A DEAL! YOU CAN'T GET ME OUT OF HERE ANYHOW! MY CREW'LL SHOOT YUH DOWN!
I DON'T THINK SO, CASSEL! AT LEAST HALF ARE HONEST MEN! IF SHOOTIN' STARTS, THEY'LL SIDE WITH ME! MARCH... OUT THE FRONT DOOR!

LIKE SPADE SAW THE MEN ON CASSEL'S PAYROLL... SAW SOME OF THEM START TO DRAW, THEN THINK TWICE! NOT ONE OF THEM MADE A HOSTILE MOVE...



LATER...
THANKS, SHERIFF! YOU SAVED THE BANK AND THE TOWN!
PART OF THE JOB, BANKER! I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' CASSEL A LONG TIME! MY JOB'LL BE A LOT EASIER WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY!
END

WESTERN EASTERN WIZARD IN A BLIZZARD

ON that particular Thursday, the sun rose at 6:32. It seemed by all indications that it would be a fair and pleasant day on the T-Bar Ranch. Jed Thompson, foreman, was speaking to some of the cowboys in the bunk house.

"We really got a problem on our hands. We all like Sally very much. But she had to go east and come back with this fellow. He isn't satisfied with two names. Has to have four names! How can a fellow sign such a long name like Wilbert Franklin Randolph Henderson to a contract? I grant you that Sally goes for this man. Now what does it mean? She marries him and he becomes the boss of the ranch. Unless you respect your boss and look up to him, you just don't want to work for him in this part of the West."

"What a fellow," interrupted Jed Willey. "I heard him say that the West still has a lot of adventure in it and he is going to get his share of it. Maybe we ought to hire Chief Long Legs to give a war dance. Or show how they attacked wagon trains years ago."

"He brought his own saddle with him," remarked Bill Ortins. "He had it made in England. And seven trunks full of clothing. I haven't seen him ride a horse yet. He is so polite it sort of makes me feel like I must have missed something when I was a youngster. Always says Thank You. Brother, what is the West coming to?"

At 7:39, Sally Winters was in the large room of the ranch house. The breakfast table was being set and she was supervising it. Her father looked at the tablecloth and the silverware.

"You mean I have to go through this every day?" he asked.

"Yes, dad," replied his daughter. "A lot of changes are going to be made. And I know you will like them."

"You can make the changes," admitted Joe Winters. "But that doesn't say I am going to like them. Nor this easterner you want to marry. I send you to get some education and what happens? You fall in love with a city fellow. There are a lot of good men on the ranch. Pick one of them as a husband. You need a man to run a ranch who knows cattle. I don't think this fellow of yours knows his right hand from his left. All he does is look at you like a sick puppy."

Having said what was on his mind, Joe sat down to the table. Ten minutes later, Wilbert Franklin Randolph Henderson came down. He was wearing brown riding pants and a checked vest. Sally gave him a big hug and then a kiss.

"We are going to have a perfect day for a ride over the ranch," she told him.

"I don't think so," he contradicted her. "The temperature is falling. From my room I noticed the haze around the sun. Know what is going to happen?"

"What?" demanded a father who found it difficult to control his temper.

"You are going to get a blizzard. Better send out the cowboys at once to round up the stock. Then make emergency preparations to handle the situation. Otherwise you will lose every steer on this ranch. I would also warn the neighboring ranches of the situation."

Joe Winters was about to tell the young man to pack up and go home before something unexpected happened. He opened his mouth. A threatening look from his daughter caused him to close his mouth without saying anything. Breakfast passed quickly. Then at 8:30, the foreman entered.

"The sky looks all crazy. I could almost swear we are going to have some snow."

There was complete silence in the room. Joe Winters quickly explained the prediction just made by Mr. Henderson. Half jesting, the foreman remarked:

"I guess he knows just what we should do."

"I certainly do," was the reply. "Get every man assembled outside. All in winter clothing. You have twenty minutes. I'll be with you."

A look from the boss of the T-Bar Ranch told the foreman to follow orders. There was something in the way Mr. Henderson spoke that made you feel he knew what to do. All work was stopped at the ranch and the cowboys assembled at the given time. A man dressed in deep winter clothing stood in front of them. The snow was now falling.

"This snow is going to pile up into drifts. Two thirds of you will mount your horses

and drive the cattle here towards the ranch building. I will give each one of you a wrist compass which you must wear. We shall also burn a large red beacon fire to help guide you. You have to work against time."

The cowboys mounted their horses and under the direction of their foreman went out on the ranch. Mr. Henderson then spoke to the remaining group.

"You have barrels of oil here on the ranch. I noticed them yesterday piled up against the wall of the south building. If you burn the oil on the snow, then you will get warm water. You must have water for the animals to drink. They won't be able to take up water in the form of snow. You have a brook on the north side of the ranch. But that will be frozen solid within six hours."

"Mister," said one of the cowboys, "what you say makes a heap of common sense to me. I'll follow your orders. They say out here it is a good thing to mind your business. But I'm just curious. For an easterner, how do you know so much about this ranch?"

There was a smile on the face of Mr. Henderson. He just gave a simple answer.

"This entire ranch is filed acre for acre in the county seat on a topographical map. I studied that map. Now you get working. I have other things to put into action."

Mr. Henderson walked to another group of cowboys who were waiting for orders. He pointed to some logs.

"Hitch those logs up to some of the horses and drag them over the ground. Then get some planks and we'll bolt them together. That will give us some rude snow plows. We must keep some kind of a path open for the steers."

The snow kept on falling and the men kept on working. Hour after hour the rounded up animals were herded into the cleared area. A large ditch had been dug and melted snow turned into water was given to them. Emergency feed bags had been opened.

"What do we do when we run out of the feed?" asked Joe Winters.

"When tomorrow comes, I'll take care of that problem," replied Mr. Henderson with confidence in his voice. Sally was at his side. She was happy, puzzled, and proud.

There was no rest for the tired cowboys. They directed the animals back towards the ranch. They would jump down and get some hot coffee. Sally and the ranch cook worked overtime keeping the small stove going. One thing was evident. The animals were surviving. Mike Timbers, of the Lazy-R Ranch came over. Half his stock had perished.

"Ran up against the barbed wire and piled up stiff," he lamented.

"But what goes here? Is this a round up?"

"Better ask Mr. Henderson, my future son-in-law," replied Joe Winters. "Just now he is in charge of everything. That fellow is one bundle of energy and ideas. I take my hat off to him. Wait until tomorrow. You might as well stay here. You'll never get back to your ranch."

By morning of the next day the snow had stopped. But the wind was blowing and causing high snow drifts. None of the cowboys had slept at all during the night. Mr. Henderson was now in the bunk house telling them about his next idea.

"The cattle haven't enough sense in them to paw through the snow for grass. There's enough grass around here to feed that herd for a week. By that time the snow will have melted and you can drive the herd northwards to feed them."

"But what about now?" asked the foreman.

"Take all the horses you have. Horses have enough sense to paw through the snow. That will take care of part of the herd. In order to feed the rest, we'll use the snow plows and clear part of the land."

A week later the sun was shining. The blizzard was now a part of a bitter memory for most people. Wilbert Franklin Randolph Henderson was merely sleeping twenty hours a day to make up for some lost time. Joe Winters and a group of ranchers were facing Sally.

"You can't tell me he is an easterner!", insisted Sally's father, "who came here for some adventure! Just who is he?"

"He's from the east alright," ventured Mike Timbers of the Lazy-R Ranch. "He just happens to be head of the government experimental ranch at Hollows Point. His name sort of sounded familiar to me. Just the country's greatest expert on cattle. What a break some people get. Sally gets him for a husband. And you, Joe, get him on the ranch."

"Good morning everybody," interrupted the voice of Mr. Henderson. "I'm a bit hungry. Got anything to eat?"

"Coffee and flapjacks in a minute darling," said Sally. "I had to go East to get the best expert on the West. But it was worth it."

THE END